



The Student's Pen

December, 1936

December, 1936

1

Compliments of

City Savings
Bank



Pittsfield, Mass.

Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year



PITTSFIELD ELECTRIC COMPANY

Western Massachusetts Electric Company

CONSTITUENTS OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS COMPANIES



McCarty's, Jewelers

wish to extend to the students of Pittsfield High School

Best Wishes for

A Very Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year



THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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The First Christmas Gift

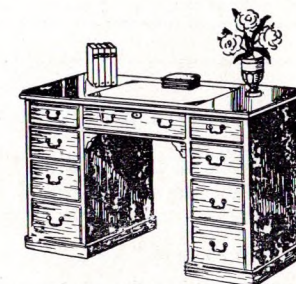
by DOROTHY SHELTON

That we might know of joy in life,
And be removed from sin and strife;
That mortal man, himself might lift,
God gave to us a Christmas Gift.

It was not wrapped in tissue gay,
But in a lowly stable lay,
While overhead a star's bright light
Led shepherds to the place that night.

Nor was it tied with ribbon fair,
But Angels in the still night air
Sang of the Babe, whose holy birth
Was God's first Christmas gift to earth.

On the Editor's Desk



AN APPEAL FOR THE SANTA CLAUS FUND

By Mary Boivin

ONCE a year young and old, weak and strong, rich and poor, forget the trials and troubles of the world to join their brothers of mankind to give "Peace on earth to men of good will." The season referred to is, of course, Christmas. As children are the center of the Christmas festivities, the success of this great day, and the good accomplished by it, are determined by the happiness of each and every little child on Christmas morning.

The early years of our childhood are not so far in the past that we cannot remember the thrills and joys of the morning after Santa's visit, such as the pleasant surprises in our stockings—for what is Christmas if we do not hang up our stocking? It was not the size of the present, it was not its value in dollars and cents that made us shout with joy; it was the fact that it was Christmas morning and we had been remembered by Santa Claus, the jolly old friend of all the children whether rich or poor.

But now we realize who Santa Claus really was; we realize who was responsible for making each Christmas an event to be remembered all our lives—memories to be cherished long after other things in childhood have been forgotten. We know that every mother and father wants to give their boy or girl a happy Christmas. However, due to financial difficulties, many parents will be unable to give their children the toys they

would like to see them playing with on Christmas morning.

We can help to make some child's Christmas one to be remembered with happiness. We all are given a chance to aid by contributing to the Santa Claus Fund. Every week we spend money for candy, gum, shows, and other luxuries. You would not want to feel that some little child had been forgotten by "Santa", when those four quarters you spent for the "movies" the month before Christmas could have purchased a doll or train for him from Santa. We do not *deliberately* fail to contribute, but we just keep "putting-it-off" until, in the excitement of the last few days before Christmas, we forget to contribute. Do not wait—give now. Everything that you give will be doubly returned. The fact that we have experienced the joys of Christmas as a child should make us realize the tragedy of not being remembered by Santa Claus. If each of us play the part of Santa by giving *something*, there will not be so many sad and disappointed faces on Christmas morning; there will not be so many broken hearts, broken because they were forgotten.

Do not feel that you cannot help because you cannot give a large donation; your contribution, no matter how small, can bring *some* happiness to *some* little child. What are the momentary pleasures of the "movies", of candy, etc, compared with the success of a child's Christmas? Do your part and contribute to the Santa Claus Fund—now.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By George P. Blake

As the season approaches of peace and good will,

Our thoughts turn to those now in need.

We must give till it hurts, and keep giving still.

Forgetting our own selfish greed.

Our Lord's tender teachings, we must bear in mind,

And apply them when put to the test.

Be cheerful, forgiving, be thoughtful and kind,

Ever striving to do what seems best.

The Spirit of Christmas, ah, wonderful thought!

Impress it deep down in your heart.

Kind actions will bring you the joy you have sought;

Let each of us now do our part.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Polly Hopkins

CHRISTMAS again this year as it approaches, is gradually dismissing from our minds thoughts of selfishness and hate, and we are becoming more cheerful, friendly, and kind. It is the only time of the year when people forget themselves and think of the other fellow. Our foremost thought is, or will be, what we give, not what we will receive.

One cannot tell just what it is that brings about this change. It may be the Christmas trees or Christmas carols, it may be the thought of the family being reunited, or the happy, excited children, which causes us to "melt" inside.

It is contagious—this indefinable feeling that comes to us at Christmas time—and

nearly everyone catches it. It should be spread everywhere, and those who believe themselves to be immune to it should be made to realize that it can come to them.

However, just as mysteriously as this feeling comes, it vanishes. After the holidays, we return to the daily "grind". We fall back into the same old rut—we become selfish again, give all our attention to ourselves. We are no longer friendly, but unkind and aloof.

Why don't we prevent this from happening? This year when you feel yourself "softening" and "melting" inside, make up your mind that it will not be just a temporary change, that you will stay that way and not freeze up again.

SMOKING AT PITTSFIELD HIGH

By A Senior B

ONE of the most difficult problems of the high school is to keep the students from smoking on the front steps after school hours. To be sure sessions are over at two-thirty, and smoking is not prohibited to the students after they leave the grounds. However, many students persist in "lighting up" the minute they get outside the doors.

Now although this may not seem a serious infraction of the rules, it does not present a very pretty picture to outsiders. It tends to harm the school's high standing, and in a certain way, casts a shadow on its character and reputation.

If those students who persist in smoking after school would move off the grounds, there would be presented to passers-by, a much prettier picture of the high school. This is not asking a great favor of the students, so why not do this much for the high school of which we should all be proud?

JOHN KEEPS HOLIDAY

By George P. Blake

IT was that exciting day before Christmas. On that particular day it was closing hour for the employees of Wesley and Son Company's Store.

Again John Wesley, Junior, age thirty-five, was plodding slowly through the toy section on his way to the office. Always he, with a seemingly unconsciously retarded gait, walked through this particular department, rarely looking left or right. In all this hurly-burly of Christmas he tried not to think of what this fantastic array meant in his own dreary existence.

Suddenly he stumbled. Cautiously glancing down he found that an hilariously funny clown had tripped him. He gazed at it * * *. A Pagliaccio! Fool clown! Even like himself! * * * A picture flashed before John Wesley, Junior, as vividly as if he had been perusing the varied pages of a magazine and had suddenly seen, thrust before him, a fascinating full color page. It was a vision of a young lady, lovely Celia, sitting on the hearth, winding up a similar Pagliaccio for little Dick. Beyond was a tree of brightly lighted candles. "Isn't Christmas fun?" Celia had chuckled wistfully. She had carried the boy, Dick, to this jolly spot. Unmindful of her own presents, Celia had sat on the floor, had played with him and had laughed excitedly * * * *

"Look what's in the teeny-weeny toe of your stocking, Dicky boy."

How strange when that next Christmas came—there was nothing! Celia wouldn't even put holly in the windows.

"Why should I?" she had disinterestedly entreated. "Now that he is dead, there will be no Christmas for me. If you want all that, you can go elsewhere in search of it."

If only Celia hadn't shut him out!

That evening he had asked, "Sitting here alone, 'Weedy'?"

It was the name their little Dick had always called her. They had never corrected him because it seemed sweeter, dearer even than mother, had this name "Weedy."

"Don't call me that!" Celia had harshly retorted. "I liked it from him—just from him! But it's too full of memories—don't you understand?"

John Wesley had understood. Hurriedly Celia had snatched something beautiful and dear out of his hands, locked it away because she resented his sharing it. So she had kept their little Dick's room, locked, hoarding every broken toy, every scuffed shoe. Celia knelt alone at the altar of memory, pushing him out, as if he were not to realize the loss, and to be comforted by memories.

Then, almost a year later, another tragedy brushed close to him. His friends, Martin Smith and his wife, died, leaving a little boy Martie. John promised that he would care for the little orphan. He was a lad with bright red hair, freckled face, and winning gestures—truly a little rogue.

"Why couldn't we bring him here, Celia?"

But she had quickly disillusioned him. All pleading resulted solely in heated quarreling. Finally, Celia made her home with her brother, saying that she did not intend to return to her husband.

However, the little Smith waif was sent to St. Joseph's Orphanage.

A few times Celia had come to her husband's office on business. Beautiful, poised, her pride enclosed her as a metal armor. Each held his speech to the most rigid formalities.

In John Wesley's office was the red, ermine trimmed Santa Claus suit carelessly thrown over a chair. To John it looked incongruous there, a little pathetic—the white whiskers dangling on a narrow rubber. Yonder he saw young Daniels, fidgeting by the window.

"You know, Mr. Wesley, I'm fed up on this Santa Clausing. I'm sorry, but I can't go it any longer." Daniels left hurriedly.

The telephone on Wesley's desk jingled. A woman's velvety voice! It was Sister Rosalie of St. Joseph's Orphanage. The orphans had been unable to avail themselves of Mr. Wesley's most kind invitation to visit his toy department, but was Mr. Wesley willing that the orphans come on this late afternoon?

John Wesley assured Sister Rosalie that they would be most welcome.

"Yes, there will be a Santa Claus for the little fellows!"

Idly he picked up the limp suit and tried it on. A slight smile spread over his fatigued face. He might as well be Santa Claus! Why not?

Suddenly there was a rush! The tramp of joyous feet! John heard squeals of delight from one end of the toy department to the other. The boys from St. Joseph's Orphanage had arrived.

Finally, John Wesley, costumed as Santa Claus, saw the boy, the object of his quest, Martie, poking about at a far counter of mechanical toys.

Santa Claus put an arm across the boy's shoulder.

"What would make your Christmas the happiest day of the year?"

The boy hesitated.

"You know," he said, with a tinge of embarrassment, "If I didn't keep remembering all the time, I'd be all right. They treat me all right. Some of the children don't even remember their parents."

"And you do?"

"I keep remembering the Christmas before I went to the home. Mumsie always woke

me up early and took me out to see the presents. It's hard to forget Christmases, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Santa Claus. "And you mean a Christmas like that would make you happy?" he asked.

"I mean a Christmas with a lady in it, a mumsie!"

"Suppose you have Christmas with me, son? You can hang up your stocking. Yes, and we'll trim a tree. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Will there be a lady, too?"

"We'll see," answered Santa Claus.

Suddenly the little boy's grip on Santa's hand tightened.

"There—there's the kind of lady I mean."

John Wesley looked in the indicated direction. There he saw Celia looking wistfully at some toys.

Immediately he went over to her and said, "Oh, 'Weedy'. I do wish I could do something to make you happy."

"John—I am so tired of being lonely."

Suddenly they became conscious of Martie's presence.

"We wanted a lady for Christmas day," he said.

Celia dropped to her knees. Arms went around the crookedly buttoned lumber jacket. Tenderly, her hand stroked back his red hair.

"I thought I could get along without a little boy, but I find I can't," she said, as she smiled through her tears.

So Santa Claus, a lady whom Santa called Weedy, and a little boy in a lumber jacket buttoned crookedly, stood waiting—close to one another. Weedy alone could find words at this time. She serenely glanced at John and then bowed her head, as if in prayer.

"John, there is peace and happiness only in good will toward others!"



MONARCH OF RHYTHM

By Mary Atkinson and Mary McMahon

"I'M sorry, Sargent, there is absolutely no opening for you anymore. Eight months ago I would have jumped at the chance of signing you up. Now,—well these records will tell you—if you need to be told—just how much tone and quality your voice has lost. They are in chronological order. Here, I'll play the very first song you introduced, 'Leaving You'."

With a nod to his secretary, J. B. White, president of the International Broadcasting Company, leaned back in his black and chromium swivel chair, chewed reflectively on his twenty-five cent cigar, listened attentively to the golden voiced tone, and observed closely the traces of dissipation on the engaging countenance of Peter Sargent, the abdicating Monarch of Rhythm. Then, at a slight gesture from J. B., the efficient secretary, with a turn of his wrist, flooded the 49th floor office with the tantalizing music of "Whither Thou Goest".

What a difference! Could both songs have been rendered by the same voice? Impossible! The rasping, grating sound of the second song could not have come from the same vocal organs that had produced the haunting loveliness of the first.

"There, Peter. Those records show you better than I ever could, the real reason why you can't get a 'spot' on any program on any network."

"J. B., I never until this moment realized what a fool I've been. The plaudits of the wealthy, the envy of the poor, and the gushing friendliness of women's clubs so completely turned my head that I've almost ruined the voice God gave me. Perhaps I've awakened too late, though. Do you think I have a chance of regaining the former volume and tone of my voice?"

With a fatherly hand on Peter's shoulder

the gruff old terror of I. B. C. encouraged him, saying.

"My boy, I'm glad you've really come to your senses. I was afraid for a long time that you would never awaken. If you are sincere, your only hope of regaining your voice—and I don't mean that husky voice which is supposed to be crooning—is to go to some out-of-the-way place and by hard exercise in the open air, and diligent practice of your scales, you can again attain the pinnacle of success and prop up, with the lesson of experience, your wavering popularity as Monarch of Rhythm."

"That's the soundest advice that could be given. I will follow it and see if I am still man enough to live on something besides smoke laden air, luxurious foods and expensive drinks. It took me exactly eight months to reach the level of mediocre singers. Now I'm going to see if in eight months I can again be a leader among the top-ranking vocalists."

To J. B. with his countless conferences, business meetings, and auditions, eight months passed with great rapidity. To a struggling, lonesome, discouraged Peter Sargent eight months was an eternity. Backaches, callouses, broken nails, pain-wracked muscles—that was the price. It couldn't be changed, altered or disregarded. Frequently he wondered if success was really worth the exorbitant price. But more often he thought only of regaining his lost self-respect.

During these eight months the full rich tone of his golden voice was renewed. So when he was sitting in J. B.'s office on December twenty-fourth, he looked like a total stranger. His skin glowed with health and vitality, and when the ever-present secretary re-played "Leaving You" Peter Sargent joined in the chorus of the song and with no



Photo by Charles Winter '37

GREYLOCK

visible effort surpassed the former Peter Sargent in such a way that even the outer-office typists, scenarists, and office boys stopped in their work to marvel at the new and better monarch of rhythm.

Walking down the long, tiled hallway a few minutes later, holding a contract which lacked his signature to make it valid, Sargent relived the first hours of his initial appearance in the competitive field of radio. He was in exuberant spirits when he stood in the hotel foyer and watched the Christmas shoppers. They hustled past, chattering excitedly about little Johnnie's Christmas tree and Mary's new Shirley Temple doll.

In such a hurry were they that they ignored the outstretched hat of an Italian fiddler. They had no thought but of their own cozy homes and well-fed children. They couldn't see the marks of struggle on the poor fiddler's seamed face. They didn't notice the ghastly pallor that comes from too much exposure to wind and weather and not enough sleep or food.

But one passer-by saw the ear-marks of poverty. Peter, in his good fortune, could not help noticing the poor Italian immigrant's lack of good fortune. He stood there on the foyer and wondered how he could help. He couldn't spare much money, but he recalled an old family saying, "Give to others some of that which you have in abundance." Right now all he had in abundance was song.

So when the strains of "O Sole Mio" came from the fiddler's bow Peter Sargent began to sing the immortal words of that beloved song. The crowds at first paid no attention but then, as if drawn by an invisible magnet, they stopped, listened and at the end, poured both silver and paper into the fiddler's cap.

Heretofore they had not realized the beauty that the ignorant, uneducated foreigner had forced from his violin. Now they marveled, they praised, they acclaimed. But only the violinist heard them, for Peter had mingled with the crowd after a whis-

pered instruction to the pitifully grateful man, who clutched tightly a scrap of paper which bore the message, "J. B. this man really deserves assistance. He is an artist of high talent. Help him as you have helped me." The note was signed by Peter Sargent, Monarch of Rhythm.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Richard England

IT was a frosty December night. A calm, serene peace pervaded everything. Nothing stirred. The breezes of the day had subsided and the evening air was clear and cool as crystal.

The stars, twinkling like myriads of fireflies, shone in the bright heavens and lighted up the countryside with a soft radiance. They seemed to feel the holiday spirit and blinked merrily at mankind down below.

A white blanket of snow had fallen a few hours before. It reflected the starlight beautifully. Light branches of trees were sagging under their fleecy burdens. An icy stillness gripped the air.

The road on which I was walking crossed a stream which was in the grip of King Frost. Its usual noisy babbling had subdued until there was left only the murmuring of a tiny trickle beneath the ice. How companionable its voice sounded. The scarcely audible gushing of this brook was welcome, in sharp contrast with the frigid silence of the trees and fields.

Afar in the distance I beheld glimmering lights of houses. From the windows I could discern shadowy figures bustling about carrying with them joyful tidings of the Noel. I felt a warm surge of blood rush through my body as I drew nearer and heard the shrill voices of the happy children. What a cheerful place home is on this night! And how beautiful is this earth,—this bit of star dust,—as its shining mantle flashes back at the stars above!

A WORD TO THE WISE

By Phyllis Moore

TO you who are sunk in the black depths of despair, wracking your brain for suitable gifts to give your friends at Christmas, I dedicate this article. I dedicate it also to you, oh so few, people who have time to waste.

With your best interests at heart, I have, for the past two years, been engaged in extensive research on the subject of what to give one's friends for Christmas. My assistants and I have painstakingly done experiment after experiment, in order that you might benefit. Probably by now you are burning with anxiety to know our solution to your problem. We have come to this definite conclusion: that the best all-around gift is a nice juicy bowl of fruit punch. You can't go wrong by giving this to your Aunt Florence for Christmas, because punch possesses those three qualities so essential to a really nice present: originality, taste, and usefulness. If you truly like the idea, you can even proceed with it on a wholesale basis. Make a tub-full at once, bottle it, and send some to each of your friends.

Before I go any further, I think I had better explain the most effective method for preparing fruit punch. Of course, everyone has his own pet method, but perhaps it would be best to get together e'er it is too late.

The first step which you, prospective punch-maker, should undertake is to boil three cups of sugar and one and one half cups of water together for ten minutes, at the end of that time adding two cups of strong tea. Fruit juice comes next. Nearly any kind of fruit juice is all right, but the more there is, the better the punch will be. One pint is the minimum amount. The modern fruit juice which comes in a can is best, because then you avoid being splattered while squeezing lemons, oranges, grape fruit, and so forth. When you have progressed this far in the battle, you may as well continue, so now add two cups of

REVERIES

By Betty Mitchell

*Night slowly dropped his darkening cloak
To cover up the hues of day
And all I saw were silhouettes
Against the evening's blue and grey.*

*I wondered why King Winter stripped
The trees of all their green array
And showed them bare against the sky
Their lacy patterns to display.*

*But then I saw each twig and branch
Was lifted up, as if to pray,
Reminding us we should give thanks
For Him, who came on Christmas day.*

fruit syrup and two cups of crushed pineapple. I suppose the crushed pineapple's being there will make it difficult to use a straw in drinking the punch, but if worse comes to worst, you can eat it with your fingers like asparagus. By this time, your punch should have mellowed in a cool place for one hour. (I trust that you are doing this right along with me.) Now add one quart of plain or charged water and one quart of ginger ale, etcetera. As a final artistic touch, add one cup of maraschino cherries. This lends it an air of festivity, don't you know.

Let me issue one word of warning before you, in your eagerness, hurriedly rush it off to Aunt Florence. This is the warning. Taste it first! At this stage, you are ready to bottle it, tie a pretty red bow around its neck and send it off.

Now your troubles are over. You can go about without the least lingering shadow of remorse, for you have remembered Aunt Florence and have added your bit to the conviviality of the Christmas season.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

By Marion Roberts

CHRISTMAS comes early to Cranberry Hollow. Perhaps it is due to the fact that Mother Nature blankets the small village with a soft white robe sooner than she does many other places; perhaps it is because the real Christmas spirit lives on in the hearts of the townsfolk all year round, but, at any rate, it is a well-known fact that, long before other communities even think of it, the villagers of Cranberry Hollow begin their bristling preparations for the great day.

It was in the midst of all these pre-holiday activities that Judith Barry, a famous actress with a vacation to spend, found herself. Just why she had chosen Cranberry Hollow was unknown to anyone, least of all herself. With no family connections, no really true friends, and with a heavy heart, she had recklessly bought a ticket to the first place her finger had pointed out on the time table. It was funny, she thought, how much happiness a certain ring could bring while on one's finger, and how much sorrow the same thing could bring when returned. Perhaps she should have listened to Jack.

Judith directed her footsteps to the small, snow-wrapped post-office. She had to find a place to stay, and the post-office seemed the most logical place, in this town, to seek information.

"Wal, gosh-durned if I know of any place whar they take boarders," replied the postmaster in answer to her inquiry, as he rubbed his grey head in the manner of one seeking inspiration. "Wait, mebbe the Bennets have an extra room. Why don't ch'a go thar ter see? They're the quality of the village so ter speak, and right nice folks."

The man's advice had been good; the Bennets, a really lovely old couple, had warmly welcomed her into their household,

and Judith had spent many swift-passing days, romping in the snow with Foxy, the adorable terrier; skating on the near-by pond; and helping Mrs. Bennet bake innumerable pies and cakes; for, as Mrs. Bennet had told her, "Christmas comes early for us. You see, Jack, he's my grandson, always spends the second week before Christmas with us, because he has to spend Christmas Day itself with his parents, way out in California." Now Judith was going back to New York. Mrs. Bennet had coaxed and teased. "Please stay," she had begged. "I'm sure you and Jack would like each other a lot. He's the finest of all the fine young men living—at least in our eyes," she had added fondly. But Judith had stood her ground firmly. Well she knew that she would love staying with the Bennets to whom she had become really attached, but she did not care to meet any young man, no matter how fine.

She stood, wrapped in her warm furs, in the hall waiting for the man who drove the town's one and only cab, rickety enough to have been banished long ago to the worthy assemblage now gracing Pete, the junkman's yard.

Goodbyes were being said to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet; someone was coming up the steps—probably the driver; and Judith was drawing her collar more closely about her neck. The door opened and a gust of strong wind was accompanied by a tall, handsome young man who brushed past Judith, unseeing, and grabbed his grandparents, shouting joyfully, "A bit early, aren't I?"

Judith wanted to flee, but a strong arm had encircled her waist before she had an opportunity, and a voice—the sweetest that had ever sounded in her ears—said, "How about a return engagement, Judy?"



A Christmas Thought

By Kathryn Krone

The stars shone down upon the earth
 Like Heaven in its highest mirth
 E'er floating downward toward the ground
 Fell snowflakes fair and soft as down
 Which gently came to silent rest
 Upon a land already blessed
 With Nature's counterpane of snow
 The purest God had sent below.
 Alone I stood upon a knoll
 Amid a scene which touched my soul
 And then upon this Christmas eve
 A solemn scene I did perceive
 One star shone brightest of them all
 And then to me it did recall
 A story told o'er all the earth
 Of Holy Babe—of humble birth
 Who in a lowly manger lay
 His baby crib a stack of hay
 Of wisemen who came from afar
 Guided by that royal star
 Ever onward did they spur
 With gold and frankincense and myrrh
 E'er trusting in that shining light
 That led them forward through the night
 Of shepherds who heard of this thing
 Then paid their homage to their King.

Oh, may that star which guided thee
 So guide us to our destiny.

THE FACULTY CHRISTMAS TREE

Robert C. Lord

Edward J. Gebauer

Wants

Mr. Strout
 Miss Parker
 Mr. Goodwin
 Mr. Ford
 Miss Power
 Mr. Murray
 Miss Conlon
 Mr. Herrick
 Miss Millet
 Mr. Carey
 Miss Kennedy
 Mr. McMahon
 Miss Jordan
 Mr. McKenna (e.g.)
 Miss Morris
 Mr. Herberg

Miss Pfeiffer
 Miss Downs
 Mr. Maloney
 Miss Murphy
 Mr. Reagan
 Miss Musgrove
 Mr. Ryan
 Miss Prediger
 Mr. Murphy
 Miss Morse
 Miss Rhodes
 Mr. Leahy
 Miss Nagle

All "gossips" to be shot at sunrise.
 An eraser that will never wear out and that won't fall off her pencil.
 More students to be interested in taking Latin.
 A traffic squad for next year to be equal to the one this year.
 A new deal from Santa Claus.
 Some good history pupils.
 Peace.
 Some pencils. (What color?)
 A successor to Perry. (See her for explanations)
 Prosperity for all.
 Everybody to be happy.
 Restoration of the pay cut.
 Muzzles for the 4th period class.
 ??????????????????
 A candy cane. (Did she get it?)
 A pen with which he can reorganize his "dot marking" system into a "half-dot marking" system.
 A chance to sleep as long as she wants without being disturbed.
 A merry group of boys and girls.
 A restoration of the pay cut. (Some nerve!)
 A new head.
 A greater pupil interest in commercial subjects.
 A pair of skis. (Ain't that somethin'?)
 A good basketball team.
 A million dollars and a fur coat. (Take it easy! !)
 A trip to Bermuda
 A Christmas of 48 hours. (Poor Santa)
 A pest exterminator. (Meaning what?)
 A pony. (Wish I had a camera)
 A summer vacation.

And to All a Merry Christmas!

Millet

Morse

Rhodes

Riese

Ha Yes

Carmel

Hodges

Ryan

Innis

Sheridan

Strout

Maloney

McKenna

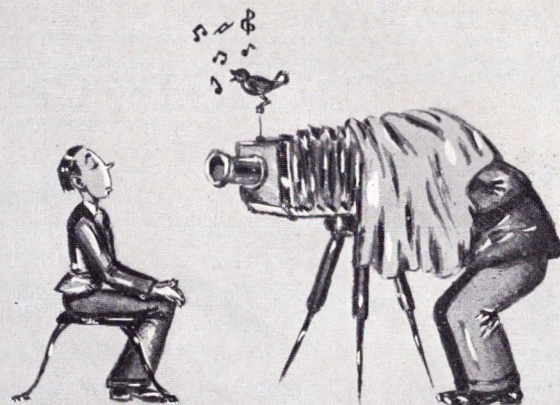
CaSey

Pfeiffer

Herrick

Stewart

Who's Who in P.H.S.



Leonard Kohlhofer



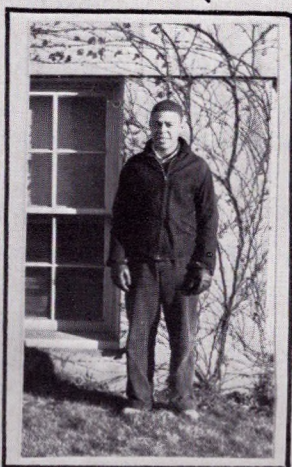
Elizabeth Quirk



Bruce Mac Donald



Amelia Strael



William Evans



Ruby Cockrill

December, 1936

17

And Why

LEONARD KOHLHOFER

Leonard Kohlhofer, or Len as he is called by his friends, is president of the Senior B Class and the Torch Hi-Y. Len is comprised of just the right mixture of joviality and common sense. His favorite sport is hunting with a bow and arrow, so if you happen to see someone in the woods carrying those two things, it won't be Cupid—it will most likely be Len. Len is very fond of getting outside of as many hamburgs as possible. His ambition is to find a cure for those who are suffering from contriving bad puns.

ELIZABETH QUIRK

If you know her very well you probably call her "Lovie". She's treasurer of the Senior B Class and an enthusiastic baseball fan. Her favorite pastime is eating peanut butter kisses. Though she's an honor student, there's one thing that she can't learn—to like cats. She's fond of music but her own musical ability consists of playing "Home on the Range" with one finger. All in all "Lovie" is a regular Pittsfield High girl.

BRUCE MACDONALD

A prominent figure among the boys in Pittsfield High is the Junior A class president, Bruce, who strenuously insists that his last name is spelled "Mac Donald" and positively not "Mc Donald." His favorite sport is skating, and around the "Morningside" section he is best known as the "flying terror" on ice skates. He is extremely fond of turkey, likes doing Algebra problems, and hopes to realize an ambition to be a famed chemist.

AMELIA STRAEL

Surely you've seen her walking around the halls with our star trumpeter. It's Midge Strael. She is very fond of athletics, excelling in basketball, and, although a Senior B, has already earned a monogram, the highest award given to girls. Next best to athletics she likes coffee floats, and her greatest dislike is a cemetery. She has been an active member of the Gi-Y for two years. Midge is a very sincere, good-natured person, and one cannot help but like her.

WILLIAM EVANS

During three years of high school "Buddy" Evans has made a record of which he may well be proud. Although not a scholar, the Senior A Vice President has great athletic ability. As a track champion, varsity outfielder, brilliant halfback and basketball captain, he is the first four letter man at P. H. S. in a long time. Above all Buddy is a regular fellow who has distinguished himself by playing the game squarely.

RUBY COCKRILL—TREASURER

Ask any Junior A who Ruby Cockrill is. You're most likely to hear that she's their Class Treasurer, but you may also learn that she has a lovely smile—reflecting her personality—that she's adept at translating Latin (her favorite subject), or that she is an accomplished pianist. These are only a few of the good things you would hear concerning the smart young lady who wishes to become a lawyer or a teacher.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Jack Duker

IT was Christmas Day. "Cab," the tramp, shuffled along the main street, cursing the cold fluently. He had had no breakfast after traveling eighty-five miles during the cold night, and now, to aggravate his empty stomach, a cold, biting wind had arisen and was penetrating his ragged coat with ease.

"Askin' me why I didn't get a job and stop loafin'—" he muttered. "Let 'er keep her lousy breakfast.—Well, I guess I'll drop in on the Salvation Army and get my Christmas dinner. I guess it's about the right time."

A long, low car crept up to the curb. A richly-dressed woman looked at him and then said something to her chauffeur.

"Hey, buddy, c'mere," called out the chauffeur, a black haired man with a tiny moustache.

"Well! what does she want? Maybe I'll get some money—no harm tryin' anyway," thought Cab as he shuffled up to the car and looked at the woman.

"Don't keep me waitin', lady. I gotta important dinner engagement," he announced.

"My dear man, I want to ask you something."

"I'm not your 'dear man', but shoot."

"I have asked this same question to many men of your occupation with the same result, but I'll try again—Why don't you get a job and settle down?"

"Aw, go patrol your own beat."

"Please answer my question." She raised her eyebrows to a dangerous angle.

"Well," whined Cab, thoroughly cowed by this stare, "why don't dogs climb trees? Why doesn't anybody like artichokes? Why don't people mind their own—"

"Would you like to have dinner at my home?" the woman interrupted.

"Got no objections—sure." (Be independent and they'll treat ya right, thought Cab).

"Very well, get in front with Rene," she said, pointing to the chauffeur.

"Sure it isn't Rooney?"

"What do you mean?" she raised her voice to a spine-chilling soprano. "Of course, it isn't."

"No wonder the guy stands for a name like that," thought Cab; but he only muttered, "Forget it, forget it. OK; Rainey, shove over."

II

The meal was practically over. Cab looked like a lion devouring his prey, (in fact, if a lion would have seen Cab, it would have hung its head in shame). The woman gazed across at him and began the conversation. "Would you like to hear why, as I told you before, I give a-e-r-a—"

"Hobo—don't be too considerate of my feelings because I haven't any—in fact, I kind of like the title."

"Well, would you like to hear why I give a dinner every Christmas?"

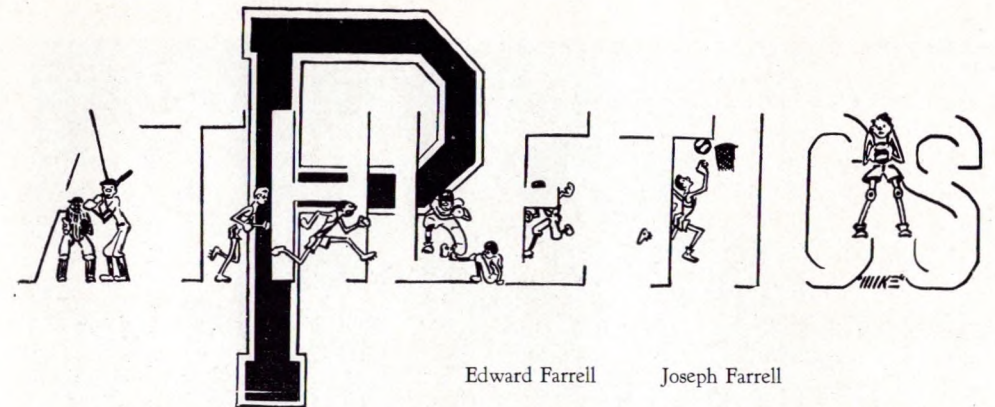
"Sure, I have to pay for the meal some way, I suppose," said Cab, with a martyr's sigh.

"It was like this," she said, disregarding his remark,—"once I was poor. I had a brother who was my very life to me. One Christmas, about thir—twenty years ago, he disappeared. Later I heard he had become a tramp."

While she was speaking, Cab had turned a sickly yellow, but she, engrossed in her story, did not notice it.

Some minutes later, Cab again shuffled down the main street.

"I guess Sis was right," he said, "I will get a job and settle down."



Edward Farrell

Joseph Farrell

WHILE THE TURKEY ROASTED

Joseph W. Farrell, Jr.

On Thanksgiving Day morning the grid-iron forces of Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's High, met on the Common for their traditional holiday battle. As usual, the St. Joseph's team played an inspired brand of football and showed improvement over their preceding encounters. Pittsfield, on the other hand, displayed the same brand of football that they displayed in all of their games, but they were not so successful in shaking their backs loose.

O'Donnell, St. Joe's center, kicked off to open the contest. The first quarter saw the running plays of both our boys and the Saints checked, although two passes were completed by Pittsfield while one was intercepted by St. Joseph's.

In the second quarter the Purple and White eleven started functioning better, but the mighty little parochial team was pressing hard. Midway in the second period, a pass, Mac-Haffie to Barnini, put the ball in scoring position on the two-yard marker. From this point Jake Barnini plunged over for the first touchdown. The attempt for the conversion by

rushing was unsuccessful. The rest of the period was contested evenly with both teams striving to make a break. At the end of the first half the Purple and White team was out in front by the margin of 6-0.

The third stanza was similar to the first with both teams striving to make a break by an intricate pass or running play.

In the fourth stanza our boys tried to run up a score by their passing attack. After a pass had been batted by two St. Joseph men, the ball fell into the arms of Captain Ralph Polito, who ran the remaining distance for a score. This touchdown was the final score of the game as the attempt for the conversion was unsuccessful. The final score was 12-0.

Sparks, O'Donnell, Donovan and Haughey did the best work for the losers, while the Berkshire County champs played as a unit and it is impossible to pick a stand out.



PIGSKIN AND TURKEY

Robert Moore

Both schools had their representatives out early to sell the pasteboards. Ours were there first, and again the early bird got the annual worm. . . .



THE 1936 FOOTBALL SQUAD

In spite of the snow-covered surroundings the field was striped and free of snow. This was mainly due to the unselfish efforts of Senior A students who have the right school spirit. . . . Uncle Sam's C.C.C. boys showed they knew how to climb up trees as well as cut them down. Many of them viewed the game from the north-side trees and made it look more than ever like an overflowing crowd. . . . The ticket-holders began an early rush for the seats and stayed through to the muddy ending. . . . Even Central Hi sheltered a few spectators and gave them an upfield view of the game. . . . Saturated with victory, our adherents tore down the eastern goal posts immediately following the fray. . . . Chief Sullivan's huskies held a conference around the western cross bars. . . . On one pass it seemed as if the ball was not wanted. Three or four of the players kept it bobbing before one of our players emerged from the group to treat it kindly and snuggled it into his manly chest. . . . The first team stayed in for the major part of the game. For those on it who will say good-bye soon it was a great finale. . . . Everybody seemed happy that Polito could run into the scoring column in his final game. His sixer was a breather. . . . St. Joseph must be given credit for their show of spirit and the volume of noise they sent up from their small numbers. . . . St. Joseph marched in hopefully, BUT Pittsfield marched out—triumphantly. . . . Following the game we staged a victory march down through North Street, and like the Pied Piper, drew all the other jubilants from the side streets to the procession. . . . Everybody wanted to cheer, and if the cheerleaders weren't out there every minute it made no difference. Many people must have gone home with hoarse throats and happy feeling. St. Joe played as if gigantic turkeys were behind each goal post, and they must get one and keep us from the other, but that wore off and we got both. . . . About six thousand frozen fingers and toes. . . . The old play of

throwing someone from the top to the bottom of the grandstands and gently paddling him upon his return had its little workout near the fifty-yard line. . . . Jakey Barnini went over the top rather unceremoniously during the melee in the second period. . . . In the beginning the field of battle was as hard as concrete but after basking in the sun and being clipped by cleats it changed its consistency and gave the adversaries a mud bath and slippery footing. . . . After each blocked punt the pigskin dashed about, giving its pursuers a mighty chase. . . . Where was the band? Was it St. Joe's turn? . . . During the first period our team went in for a little premature basketball and almost slipped through it. . . . The pre-game rally had an unexpected and unprecedented effect for we continued to use on the field what we had learned at the rally. . . . Those mid-game players (the little hopefuls from all over the city) put on their motley performance and no doubt many of them took their Saturday night's bath two nights in advance. Without a ball they displayed their varied wares, even faking a fake kick. . . . Nearly a display of fisticuffs in the final fifteen minutes. It didn't make the spectators any less vociferous. Buddy Evans was in the St. Joe backfield all morning. . . . The bleachers provided a fine place to stand and everyone took advantage of that fact. It was far too exciting to sit calmly by. . . . This game was no Common one. . . . P. H. S. ended one of its most successful football seasons with this game. . . . Don't forget that we have a basketball team that ranks as one of the best each year. . . . **DON'T FORGET** to attend the opening game on Friday, the eighteenth of **DECEMBER**. . . . Brave a cold, break a date, but **BE THERE**.

Country Boy—That's a Jersey cow over there.

City Boy—Say! You've got good eyesight to be able to see her license plate at that distance.

REVIEW OF 1936

By Edward J. Farrell, Jr.

The victory for Pittsfield on Thanksgiving Day brought the curtain down on another perfect season and kept the record of being undefeated intact.

For the past two seasons Pittsfield High's representatives on the gridiron have successfully resisted all attacks of their opponents and have only two ties to mar their otherwise perfect record.

In the course of two seasons Pittsfield's goal line has been crossed only three times, thus showing that the Purple Elephants were anything but weak on the defensive, and were merciless on the offensive. P. H. S. scored 314 points against 20 by their opponents.

In comparing the records of all the high school teams in Western Massachusetts for the 1936 season, we find that Pittsfield's record is the most impressive. In view of the fact that there is no official means of determining the Western Massachusetts champions, we feel that we are at perfect liberty to establish claim for our most deserving representatives. In addition to this, Coach Stewart's charges have undisputed claim to the Berkshire County and City titles. So let us give a long cheer for our champions.

A total of seventeen men will be lost to Pittsfield by graduation and one by the new age limit. Eleven of the seniors are all members of the first team; consequently the outlook toward next season is none too bright for Coach Stewart.

Among the seniors who graduate are: Capt. Ralph Polito, one of the linesmen responsible for Pittsfield's fine defensive record; Dan Carey, a speedy end, who was on the receiving end of many passes; Max Bookless and Chuck McClintock, who shared honors in guarding the forward wall; Al Holden, whose fine defensive work was outstanding; Paul Lasch, whose position will be hard to fill; and Jim Scullary, who was responsible for the successful aerial attacks of P. H. S.

Coach Stewart's greatest worry will be the backfield, for it will be quite a task to fill the vacancies made by quarterback Jake Barnini, who established a new scoring record in Western Massachusetts; Earl MacHaffie, a triple threat man who passed, kicked and plunged to victory; Bud Evans, who established a reputation for being the most effective blocker in this end of the state; and Howie Gleason, whose quick-silver movements caused many opponents to worry constantly.

Among the others who will be lost to the team next season are: Lawnie Phair, end; Sam Quadrozi, center and tackle; Milo Cimini, guard; Al O'Connor, back; Casimer Pytko, back; and George Volsky, back.

Pittsfield's record for the season of 1936:

Pittsfield	34	Lee	0
Pittsfield	6	Agawam	6
Pittsfield	36	Williamstown	0
Pittsfield	32	Adams	0
Pittsfield	20	Drury	0
Pittsfield	40	Poughkeepsie	0
Pittsfield	7	Holyoke	0
Pittsfield	12	St. Joseph's	0
—	—	—	—
	187		6

ALL BERKSHIRE

E. J. Farrell, Jr.

It has been the custom, in past years, to name an all Berkshire County team representing, in our opinion, the acme of football teams in the County. We have attempted this year to make the selection as unbiased as possible. In naming this team, it was the intention of the staff to make our choice completely on merit.

There was little difficulty in naming the backfield, for every Pittsfield man was outstanding in his own field. The four backs from P. H. S. stood out as a combination hard to beat. Bud Evans was used consistently for blocking this year and did a fine piece of work.

Jake Barnini qualified both as a field general and a ball carrier, plus a passer to some extent. Earl MacHaffie did the bulk of the

SPORT GOSSIP

Horace Hubbard

The Turkey Day festival turned out just as we expected. . . . Congrats to our team. . . . One hundred points—whew. Jake Barnini stopped at that grand total. . . . P. H. S. rated as only third in Western Massachusetts competition. . . . We probably would have been higher had Turners Falls been on our schedule. The Soph girls are still there. (Bleachers we mean.) . . . A fine pre-game rally showed up our school spirit. . . . It kept the cheerleaders on the run. . . . Fred (Fat) Najimy, P. H. S. captains '37's football eleven. Good luck, Fred, and a good team. . . . Coach Stewart called out the basketball team on the third, and it won't be long now. . . . Some capable veterans return in the persons of Buddy Evans and Dan Carey. . . . Unfortunately Jake Barnini is too old for scholastic competition, and P. H. S. loses a veteran trio. . . . Also Lester (Short or Shrimp) Brown from last year's Jayvees will be there. . . . Here's to giving the basketball team the whole hearted support of the student body. . . . Go to the game and yell. . . .

passing and kicking, and did it well. He was also a consistent ground gainer through the line. The fourth man in the backfield is Howie Gleason who is about the shiftiest back in this part of the state.

The line presented a very different task. There were so many possibilities that it took careful consideration to select the best. Below is the selection of THE PEN's Sports Staff for All Berkshire honors.

Name	Position	School
Scarbeau	End	Drury
Pinsonneault	End	Adams
Polito	Tackle	Pittsfield
Lasch	Tackle	Pittsfield
Krypel	Guard	Adams
McClintock	Guard	Pittsfield
O'Donnell	Center	St. Joseph's
Barnini	Quarterback	Pittsfield
Evans	Halfback	Pittsfield
Gleason	Halfback	Pittsfield
MacHaffie	Fullback	Pittsfield

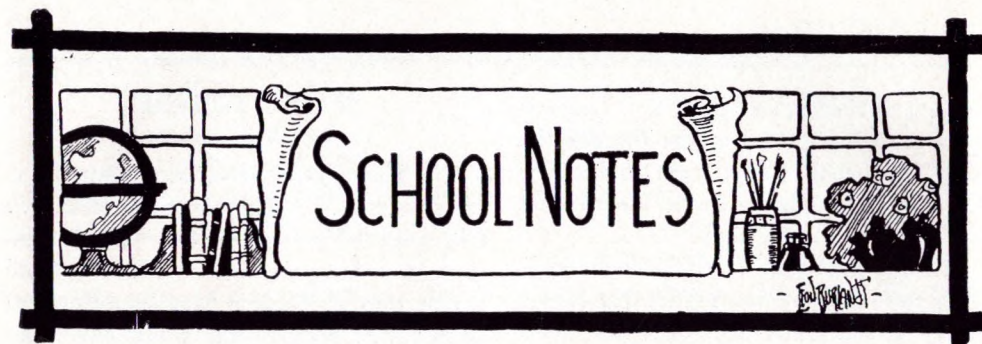
BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

Joseph W. Farrell, Jr.

On December 3, Coach Charles E. Stewart issued his call for basketballers and eighty-one aspiring hoopsters responded. Of course Coach Stewart has neither the time or the material to carry all of these, so by December 18th, when the first game is to be played, he will not have more than twenty or twenty-five on the squad. Coach has his work cut out for him in trying to produce a quintet that will take the place of such capable performers as Bob Cusson, Jack Foley, and Al Polidoro, who were lost by graduation; Jake Barnini, who is a victim of the new law governing players who are nineteen years old; "Buddy" Evans and Dan Carey, who will be lost in the coming graduation. Therefore, we find that our mentor has no one player on whom he can center his team. Out of the eighty-one candidates we are sure that Coach Stewart will produce a combine that we all will be proud of.

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL SCHEDULE FOR THE 1936-1937 SEASON

Dec. 18—Adams	At Home
Jan. 6—Dalton	At Home
Jan. 8—Bennington	At Bennington
Jan. 13—St. Joe (N.A.)	At Home
Jan. 15—Williamstown	At Home
Jan. 19—St. Joe (P)	At St. Joe
Jan. 22—Drury	At Drury
Jan. 29—St. Joe (N. A.)	At St. Joe
Feb. 5—Williamstown	At Williamstown
Feb. 12—Drury	At Home
Feb. 19—Adams	At Adams
Feb. 26—Dalton	At Dalton
Mar. 5—Bennington	At Home
Mar. 12—St. Joe (P.)	At Home



Robert Jacob

John Cooney

YOUNG DEER HUNTERS

A number of high school fellows took to the woods during deer season. A few were victorious, but the majority were not. Among the lucky ones was Ralph Hansen, who shot a 145-pound doe in practically the same spot he had missed one the year before.

Edward Jamula wasn't quite so lucky. He was shot by another hunter younger than himself. One shot went through his right leg and two others struck him above and below the hip. However, as the shot did not strike any vital organs, he is recovering very rapidly and will soon be back in school.

SKI CLUB

The ski club has been organized and is being coached by "Stuffy" McInnis, a very excellent and capable skier from the Mount Greylock Ski Club. Later on he will pick the teams and it is hoped that a number of meets may be arranged with neighboring schools.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

James Boland will be responsible for the antics of the Senior A class on class day. He will be assisted by Helen Fitch, Ruth Frambach, Betty Nichols, Fred Talarico, James Scullary and Charles Washburn.

ASTRONOMER LECTURES

On December 7, Mr. Arthur D. Carpenter, a well-known astronomer gave an interesting lecture on "Amazing Adventures in Astronomy."

The Tuesday and Friday afternoon Boys' Bowling Leagues (at the Y. M. C. A. Alleys) are well under way. The leagues are composed of six teams which bowl matches each week. Both leagues were founded and are supervised by Gordon Dunham. Some high scores have been hit to date. Robert Jacob has hit the highest single of 117 and Bruce Knapp has hit high total of 208.

The standing of the Tuesday afternoon teams is:

	Won	Lost	
Cooper	17	4	.814
Cooney	13	8	.619
Lavelle	11	10	.529
Himes	10	11	.476
Goodman	8	13	.376
Cowan	4	17	.190

The standing of the Friday afternoon teams is:

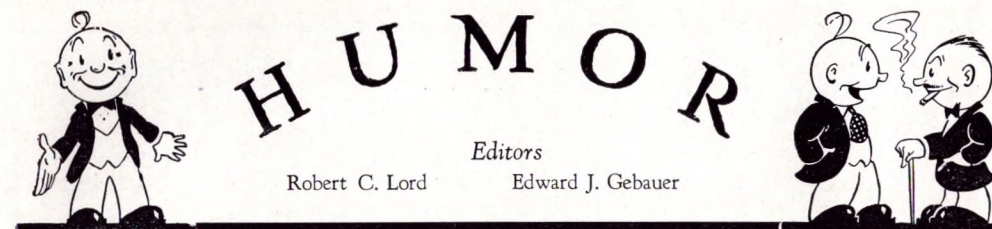
	Won	Lost	
Mansir	15	0	1.000
Gray	10	5	.606
Gavoni	6	9	.400
Jacob	5	10	.333
Green	5	10	.333
Levine	2	13	.134

Speaking of bowling, two well known teachers were recently seen bowling at the Y. M. C. A. Alleys. For beginners, they hit unbelievably high scores.

* * * *

Mr. Leahy—What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?

Wise Junior—Blondes.



Robert C. Lord

Editors

Edward J. Gebauer

SATURDAY ROUTINE

Miss Morris—What is the "Order of the Bath"?

Soph. B—Well, Johnny comes first, then me, then Willie, and then the baby.

* * * *

Mr. Sheridan—Who laughed aloud just then?

Soph. B—I did, sir, but I didn't mean to.

Mr. S.—You didn't mean to?

Soph. B—No, sir, I laughed up my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole at the elbow.

* * * *

Len Kohlhofer says, "When you are eating your Christmas dinner, remember that trying to fit a square meal into a round stomach often causes indigestion."

* * * *

Game Warden—Don't you see the sign "Private, No Fishing Allowed."

Mr. Geary—I never read anything marked "Private".

* * * *

Mr. Joyce—Really, Johnny, your handwriting is terrible. You must learn to write better.

Johnny—Well, if I did, you'd be finding fault with my spelling.

* * * *

ALL SET FOR A TOUGH WINTER

Farmer—If things get too bad we can eat our forest preserves.

City Boy—You've nothing on us; we can eat our traffic jams.

THE IDEAL EXCUSE

Dec. 8, 1936

Miss Kaliher:

Please excuse me for being absent yesterday because I went deer (dear) hunting and I didn't get anything.

My Mother's son

George (Hashim)

* * * *

Senior—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Mr. Herberg—Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark that I am allowed to give.

* * * *

Teacher: Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?

Al—I should say so! The last report card I took home kept the family hot for a week.

* * * *

Soph—Why are an elephant and an engine alike?

Fresh—Search me; I don't know.

Soph—Because they both have ears.

Fresh—An engine doesn't have an ear.

Soph—Sure, haven't you ever heard of an engineer?

* * * *

FOR CHRISTMAS

Sonny—Dad, buy me a drum.

Dad—But, son, if I get you a drum you'll disturb me very much.

Sonny—No, I won't. I'll drum only when you're asleep.

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on her name or monogram

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PITTSFIELD



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High School . . .*

The Eagle welcomes letters on current themes. Its "People's Forum" has become one of its most popular features. It would be most happy to publish, through that medium, the trend of undergraduate thought about what is going on in the world which never presented so many or such varied problems as it presents today. Let students try their hands at this form of public expression. There is sure to be a fresh vision and a new angle.



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